

## What if that's what I want? by jamesgriffin

**Series:** [soft and sweet \[2\]](#)

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**Summary:**

In which Will has a bad dream and words are whispered.

## What if that's what I want?

Will bolts up in his sleeping bag that lays on the soft, shaggy carpeted floor. He's confused at first, he doesn't recognize his surroundings, this is not his room and suddenly he can't *breathe*. He goes through an exercise that Jonathan had taught him, takes deep breaths and his lungs slowly start to feel like they are no longer collapsing. The small boy looks around slowly and his brain no longer feels foggy. He is in Dustin's room, he is fine, there are no 'bad men.' But even so, he feels frightened from his nightmare.

He doesn't speak up, but he doesn't have to, because hey, Dustin never sleeps and Will's sudden change of breath is plenty to alert him.

"Hey, man, why're you up?" The curly haired boy asks in a soft voice from his bed and Will absolutely *melts* at the sound. He is beyond glad that it's dark- mostly dark, save for the Star Wars night light switched on in the corner of the room. Dustin can't see his blush this way.

Will takes another breath and lays back down, pulling his stuffed snow tiger to his chest.

"I...had another bad dream." He sighs as he lets his eyes close. It's normal at this point for him to have them, he doesn't expect anyone to want to listen at that point. But Dustin is different, Will thinks as he hears movement and suddenly feels a body up close next to his.

"Tell me about it, if you want. You don't have to- not if it scares you." Dustin's voice is comforting and Will is glad that nobody else gets to see him like this- nobody else gets to see Dustin be calm and gentle, because he only does this for Will. He only learns how to stay calm for *him*, because he wants to be around him all the time. But it pays off greatly, Dustin thinks to himself as he feels Will curl up closer to him, abandoning the old stuffed animal in favor of hugging the other boy close.

"No, thank you. It's...you'll make fun of me." No, he wouldn't. Will knows for a fact he wouldn't but he still feels uncomfortable sharing.

“That’s okay, but you know i won’t make fun of you-“

“I know.”

It’s quiet for a long while after that. Dustin assumes Will has fallen asleep but he is proved to be mistaken when he shifts to stand, planning on returning to his bed. Wills grip tightens and he whines, burying his face in the others chest.

“No..please stay with me...?” The question comes in a small and frail voice. How could he possibly say no? He couldn’t.

The taller boy nods and pulls his comforter from his bed before wrapping it around himself as best as he can with Will still practically attached to him. He makes it work, though, and his hands fall to play with his friends hair. The Byers boy leans up into the touch and opens his eyes, the room suddenly feeling maybe not so dark.

He can see Dustin right in front of him, a big stupid smile on his face- and he wants so badly to lean forward and kiss him.

(kiss me)

“You’re so cute when you’re sleepy.” Dustin coos quietly and it makes Wills face turn a deep shade of red. He’s sure that it can be seen now, with the proximity and all.

(oh my god, stop talking, kiss me.)

He doesn’t. Dustin does not kiss him, and he’s too afraid to initiate it himself. So he suffers. Will Byers absolutely *suffers*.

“Shut it, Henderson.” The small boy huffs with a small pout, which earns him a chuckle. The chuckle earns the other a pinch to the shoulder. But Dustin thinks it’s worth it.

“What do you think about Mike and El?” Dustin starts the conversation softly, fingers still brushing through the smaller boys hair. Will didn’t have much of an opinion. She seemed nice but everyone knew deep down, the couple probably included, that they wouldn’t last long. They were just...well, unhealthy for one another.

"They're okay. Mike seems happy." Will shrugs, shifting to allow Dustin to lay more comfortably.

"What do you think about Max and Lucas?" He half expects to hear Dustin rant about how he should have been the one to get the girl, but that's not what happens.

"I'm glad Lucas found someone, but honestly? I think Max and Mike are gonna end up together. I know he was super emo and rude but he was distressed, ya know? I know he cares about her, I can see it. She cares about him, too." Dustin leans closer, rests his chin atop Will's head and sighs.

"We're the only ones in the party who are single, you know?" His voice is quiet, like he's scared of his own words.

"I know..but at least you have options, man. There aren't many guys who are looking to kiss a *zombie boy*. You could get a girl, middle school girls are just..mean. Wait until high school, or something. You'll find someone." Will tries not to frown at his own words—they're true, that's what's got him getting worked up.

Dustin is great, he could get any girl he wanted really, Will was sure of it. But he was also sure that Dustin **only** wanted girls. The reassurance to his friend broke him just a little more.

Dustin furrowed his brows before pulling back a bit, just enough to look at his friend. "What if...what if I don't want a girl?"

The question comes slowly and quietly, Will almost can't even hear it.

"I mean, I've read about people who aren't into dating, I think they called it aromatic?" He suggests, his fingers nervously busting themselves with the strings on his friend's hoodie.

"No- I know what that is, that's not it. Will, I...I mean what if.." He's really struggling, here. He can't form the words, he's terrified of what it could mean, but he knows really that there's no reason to be scared. This is Will. So he opts for actions, instead.

It's silent, Dustin has stopped speaking and moving and it feels like he's stopped breathing, too. So naturally Will looks up. Oh boy, he thanks a god he doesn't believe in that he looked up. Dustin's hands instead fell from his hair to the sides of Will's face, and slowly but somewhat confidently, he's leaning forward. Will doesn't pull away and that alone makes Dustin feel less anxious. Their lips brush, only a tiny bit and the curly haired boy speaks up.

"Is this okay with you?" Will can't speak, he can't breathe, he can't think straight. He can never think *straight* but you get the point. He can't form words, so instead he nods, because thank god once again that he can at least move. Dustin sighs out a small laugh before pressing their lips up together carefully.

The kiss is sweet, and innocent. It tastes like stale soda and salt from the popcorn they had just hours before. It doesn't last long, though, and both boys slowly pull away at the same time.

"What if *that's* what I want?" Dustin finally finishes his question and Will is suddenly bursting at the seams with joy. He hugs the other tightly, arms wrapped around his neck, legs around his torso and face hidden up against his shoulder. "That's what I want, too." He sighs with a soft smile.

#### **Author's Note:**

i did it. Fight me. I also mentined MadWheeler because i love it sm!! probably gonna write something for that next